

FAREWELL.

Rev. J. J. Wilkins' Sermon at Calvary Church Yesterday Morning.

A large congregation assembled at Calvary church yesterday morning to hear Rev. J. J. Wilkins' farewell sermon, prior to his departure for his new field of labor, Des Moines, Iowa. The affair was one of much interest and sadness. The rector could poorly conceal the emotion of tender and deep regret he experienced, while his parishioners were often moved to tears.

The sermon was a retrospect, founded upon Deuteronomy, chapter IV., verse 32: "Ask now of the days that are past." It was exquisitely pathetic and peculiarly appropriate to the occasion which called it forth. Mr. Wilkins said:

Five years your rector. Five times twelve months have passed since we entered on the mutual and blessed relation of pastor and people. For nearly two thousand days I have gone in and out among you. Five times the globe on which we live has rolled around its eternal orbit. Five winter's snows have left their whiteness on the heads of some and increased the years of all. Five times the greenness of summer verdure has taught us how to grow in grace; five summer's fruits and flowers have shadowed forth the immortality we all desire; and five cycles of the church's year have sought to impress on mind and heart the grave and hopeful lessons which Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, Easter, Whitsunday and Trinity are designed to teach—seasons, blessed seasons, of instruction heeded or unobserved—seasons filled with solemn messages to every soul; seasons of opportunity we never shall see again, seasons filled with voices to which we gave glad and willing heed or set in opposition a closed and spiritually deafened ear and a proud and stubborn will. Five years older, everyone of us. Everyone of us with character more firmly fixed for good or evil by five years more of growth and building. Everyone of us more securely settled in faults, errors, sins, or standing on higher rounds of the ladder of christian grace and strength. Everyone of us five years nearer the "long, long home," and everyone of us five years nearer the appointed judgment day. Five years of good and loving deeds—five years of love for the ignorant, poor, and sick; years of the blessed Christ whose fragrance fills earth and sky, or five years, withered, blasted and thin, as worthless as the Egyptian kine, or the baseless fabric of an empty dream. Which have they been to us beloved? years of loss and decay, or years of growth and gain? One or the other they have been to every one of us. The record has been made, and the verdict rendered and we cannot change them now. And what years of change they have been! How full of kaleidoscopic alternations of light and shade, joy and sorrow, prosperity and adversity, disappointment and success. If we could throw their varied events on one great canvas for review to-day what a picture they would make of days of affliction and days of pleasure. Hearts light with joy and faces beaming with a happiness the tongue could not tell of; the priest sitting down with the bereaved and striving with faltering speech to assuage the grief of well nigh broken hearts with words that tell of the rest beyond—mingling with bridal groups and endeavoring to show how the sacred marriage bond teaches the union of Christ and His church—participating in festivities and reunion, approving the pleasures which Christ approved, but trying the while to fix the heart on things above where true pleasure alone can be found—going to the happy, going to the distressed, standing by beds of pain and beds of death, hearing tales of joy, and listening to tales of woe which must be locked and sealed within until he is weighed down with burdens which none can lift, and his heart is full of stored up sympathies—watchful over the young, anxious about the spiritual state of all, troubled about the neglectful, of whom there are so many, prayerful about the proud and rebellious, weeping over the sinner, jealous that every sacrament and spiritual privilege should be rightly used and estimated, often misunderstood, often censured for doing his plain and manifest duty, often hurt in his warmest affections, and often faulted for the faults of those who pass judgment upon him, yet striving though imperfectly, and with so many, many, sad, sad failures to teach all the knowledge and love of Christ and to extend his kingdom in the world. Such scenes and many more would the canvas shadow forth—scenes which have bound us together as with cords of steel, joined heart to heart, changed respect into reverence and love, developed faith and trust, lightened our mutual burdens, illumined life's path and duty,

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S. S. S. has relieved me of a terrible scrofula from which I had suffered for years. It affected my nose first as catarrh, then caries of the bone, and continued to eat until it destroyed the soft bone in the right side of the nose, then went to my throat and later on to my lungs, and it looked as if I was doomed. S. S. S. has cured me, and has also cured my little daughter of the same disease. MRS. N. KITCHIEY, Mackey, Ind. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

and helped us on our way to heaven.

And what changes the five years have wrought in the spiritual and physical state! Boys have grown up and are girding themselves for the wrestle of life; youths and maidens have become men and women; the strong in manhood are beginning to feel the weight of years; the old have descended still further into the valley; maidens have become wives and youths have become husbands; wives have been widowed and husbands have been left desolate; frivolous natures have been sobered; characters have ripened: some have grown in grace and learned more of God, others, alas, have fallen away,—the brightness and glow of their confirmation, have been dulled by the din and toil of earth,—and all have changed. Not one of us is to-day precisely what he was five years ago to-day, and each of us may well put to our heart this morning the searching question, "How have I changed?"

For good or evil? How have I been building, for a destiny of happiness or an eternity of shame?

And there have been changes in the parochial state. I need not tell you the story, you know it well, and for anything less than your encouragement I would not refer to it at all. In my behoof alone, not one item of what has been accomplished should be written down. Not one syllable of the growth or doings of this parish has the rector ever written for the public press. So little indeed, have we been in the Church papers that it has been a matter of comment and inquiry, and I am not sorry to have it so. And I should prefer now to tell you of our growth in grace, of increase in the knowledge of God, that our hearts are purer, our lives more consistent, our faith stronger, our love purer, and our work more noble, rather than to speak of the alleged success of the parish, phenomenal and wonderful, though it has been called. I became your rector Jan. 1st, 1886. We worshipped in the hall on your corner.

The foundations of this building had been laid and the walls partially erected. It was completed July, 1886, and duly opened for divine worship by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Garrett, Bishop of northern Texas, on Sunday July 11th, of that year. On the second Sunday in advent, Dec. 7th, 1890, it was solemnly consecrated and set apart from all worldly and unhallowed uses, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Atwill, Bishop of the new diocese of west Missouri, a debt of more than twelve thousand dollars having been paid in the meanwhile. At the beginning of the present pastorate the membership of the parish was as follows: Families, many of whom had not been actively identified with the church for some years, 46; confirmed persons, many of whom were semi-detached, and who rarely communed, if at all, 96; the parish register shows, families, 196; Confirmed persons, 463. These have been reduced by death removal and lapse as follows: Families, 37; Confirmed persons, 125; leaving a present total of 159 families and 318 confirmed, among who are about 254 communicants. A decrease by removal and death of nearly 100 communicants within the two years past.

Summarized the account is as follows: Confirmed persons in parish, January 1st, 1886, 96; added by removal, from January 1st, 1886, to January 1st, 1890, 99; added by confirmation, from January 1st, 1886 to January 1st, 1890, 268; making a total of 463. Loss: By death, 12; by lapse from the total number confirmed, 8; by removal, 125; present number of confirmed persons, 318—total, 463: net gain in families, 113; in persons confirmed, 222. I remark for your encouragement that the number confirmed—268—exceeds by 94 the largest number of confirmations in any parish of the diocese of Missouri during the same period, the large and influential parishes of St. Louis and Kansas City not excepted.

A resume of my official acts shows that there have been, of services, about 1,200; sermons and addresses, over 1,000; marriages, 30; burials, 50; baptisms, infants 170, adults 120—290; confirmations, 268; confirm-

ations in Clinton and Sweet Springs, 13; total, 281.

The expenditures of the parish, as shown by the annual reports to the diocesan conventions, have been as follows:

1886—To missions, including all canonical offerings, \$9,374.52.

1887—To missions, etc., \$12,110.69.

1888—To missions, etc., \$5,357.73.

1889—To missions, etc., \$5,327.45.

1890—To missions, etc., \$7,603.59.

Making a total expenditure of \$39,465.71, distributed to missionary purposes, convention assessments, parochial purposes, salaries, Sunday school, building and repair account, debt and interest.

To this total of \$39,465.71 should be added \$100.70 received since August, 1887, from the mite box in the vestibules, \$10 received as gifts to the rector's private purse through the same box, thank offerings for great mercies received, and \$30 of personal gifts to the rector on Christmas and other holidays, all of which, and very much more has been dispensed by him in charity. Under the canon the rector of the parish is entitled to the communion alms for charitable purposes. This right the present rector waived in deference to parish need. It will probably be claimed in the future, and should be allowed. For only thus can the rector satisfy the many just and reasonable claims of charity upon him which his private purse is too slender to meet.

This in brief is the story of the changes in the parochial state. It is a goodly record which you have made, one for which we ought each and every one to be devoutly thankful, and from which we may learn some important lesson. First, a lesson of faith. It was no small task which we undertook together beloved, five years ago, and as I contemplated its magnitude on that 1st day of January, 1886, my heart sank for a moment, within me. But then I remembered how a chieftain of God's people once came from captivity to re-build the temple at Jerusalem. His followers were few, and enemies many mocked and assailed him with violence and said: "What do these feeble Jews? Will they fortify themselves? Will they make an end in a day? Will they revive the stones?" But undaunted and true we went on in faith and at length could say: "So built we the wall—for the people had a mind to work." And so, I took courage believing you had a mind to work. And you had. You made this story, not I.

The remainder of the sermon was in a similar vein of charming retrospect, relieved at times by the bright rays of the pictured glory and triumph of future achievement. Mr. Wilkins returned especial thanks to the press of Sedalia, the railroad men, the merchants, the members of other churches, and to the community as a whole for their uniform kindness and support during his rectorship. The sermon closed as follows:

"Ask now of the days that are past." We ask and they tell us of change, change and decay. Of seasons that come and go. Of flowers that bud, bloom, wither and fade away. Of men that come and men that go. We continue not long in one stay. Many who worshipped and labored with us five years ago are no longer here. They sleep the last long sleep. Fifty times during my ministry here have I committed some loved one—a father, mother, brother, sister, son, or daughter, to yon silent silent city of the dead. Five years hence, nay, one year hence, who of us will remain? Who will minister at this altar? Who will raise glad and happy songs in this sanctuary? Who will occupy these pews and bend their knees in prayer, and who will have joined the numberless and silent army of the dead? Ah, yes; who? Some of us, for the members of the church militant are ever moving, and ever changing. But the church moves not and changes not. Wherever we may be, the church will remain. Her words of prayer and praise will still be said and sung. Christmas, Easter, Whitsunday, Ascension, and all the beautiful round of festival and fast, will be observed and the blessed Eucharist will be spread. And, as in the great cathedrals the songs of men who have slept for generations past are still sung and will be to the end of time, so in the Temple which is the Church of Christ, His glory is perennial and will never fade or die. We shall leave it to strangers and to our children. Our children will leave it to their children and their children's children to untold generations yet unborn. But the church is one, her faith is one, and she will remain. But while the ministry and membership of the earthly church will ever change there is that, the church triumphant, which changes not. And that church is not so distant as we think. The gate of Jerusalem the golden is nearer than we believe. Look down the earthly road, 'tis not far to look, and you shall see its pinnacles, minarets and spires. Can we not be patient

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and submissive in our work when we think what joys await us there? For every cross here a crown there, for every offering here a treasure laid up there; for every renunciation and submission here, a star of glory there. O God, grant that this church may not only live and prosper, may not only burst its bands and rise to the majesty of might, but may be joined together there—you, and you, and you, and I, all to join hands again, and to sing the new song in chorus full and strong, with endless alleluia around the throne. Be faithful, be diligent, be gentle, be strenuous, be true to him who shall minister here, love him for his work's sake, even as you have loved me; fault him not for infirmities common to the race, censure him not when he exhorts you to the duty you owe to God, the church and yourselves; hold up his hands, stay his soul, inspire him with something of your own enthusiasm, praise his success and encourage him when he fails, support him by your presence here, and give him as I know you have given me large and constant mention in your prayers, and then when the days to come, to come again and yet to come, shall be asked of the past they will tell of achievement added to achievement, of victory added to victory, of spiritual conquests and spiritual renown, and of saints strengthened by labor, perfected by discipline, sanctified by faith and prayer, gone to receive their eternal crown.

Habeas Corpus Issued.

Some days ago, Alonzo Fitzwater was arrested and fined fifty dollars in the police court for carrying concealed weapons. Being unable to pay the fine, he was locked up in the calaboose.

To-day through his attorney, Hon. W. D. Steele, the prisoner had a writ of habeas corpus issued by Probate Judge Bailey. It is alleged in the writ that Fitzwater is illegally deprived of his liberty; and that chief of police Prentice made the arrest and confinement without a warrant in either case.

Sound by Bailey.

Sunday's BAZOO contained the details of a social sensation in which J. A. Glassburn and Miss Lizzie Ridenour, both of Green Ridge played a prominent part. After their escapade in Sedalia Friday night and Saturday, the young man and lady returned home. This morning, however, they again visited Sedalia and at once went to Recorder Landmann's office. There they obtained a marriage license and repaired to the office of probate judge Bailey, where they were gracefully united in the bonds of matrimony.

DIED.

Isaac Rubey, colored, aged 71 years, died in the north part of town to-day and was buried this afternoon. Zachariah Heywood, 38 years old, died of consumption at his home in Dresden this morning.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Record of Ballots.

This morning the attorneys for J. A. Bowers had notice served on County Clerk Mitchum, demanding a recount of the ballots cast for Sheriff of Pettis county at the last election. The law makes it obligatory for Mr. Mitchum to set the day for the recount within thirty days from time of serving of notice. Deputy Sheriff Barnett served the writ.

Strayed.

Taken up by Henry Reinwald and posted by Henry Park, a justice of the peace in Blackwater township, Pettis county, on the 20th day of Dec. 1890, the following described property: One mouse colored mule about fifteen hands high and about twelve years old.
H. PARK, J. P.

Died at Lamonte.

To-day Probate Judge Bailey received a telegram from Lamonte announcing the death there last night of his friend, J. F. Harmon, an old, highly respected and wealthy citizen of that place. Deceased was in his 83d year.

GOING TO TEXAS.

Mrs. Joseph Hall and Children, of Boonville, Arrive in Sedalia Under Unhappy Circumstances.

At the November term of the Cooper county circuit court application was made by Mrs. Joseph Hall, through her attorneys, for divorce from her husband, who, she claimed, had failed to provide the necessary family support. After a hearing of the case the divorce was granted, though, it is said that but for only a few minutes delay on the part of Hall, who stepped out of the court room just before the decision was made, to transact some business relative to the case, he might have succeeded in defeating his wife's application.

The matter was a great surprise to the people of Boonville. Mrs. Hall was reared there, was the child of highly esteemed parents and old residents of the community, and it was not suspected but that family affairs were going smoothly.

Mr. Hall is also a member of a good family, his brother being a newly elected judge of the county court. He was handsome, sober and apparently industrious.

Two weeks ago the community was treated to a sensational chapter in this now locally notorious case by the unhappy husband kidnapping the little boy and girl born to the union, and whom the court had allowed the mother to retain. He took the children down into Boone county and was shortly arrested, brought back to Boonville and tried before Charles Bowles, the negro justice of the peace, who, returning the favor the white people granted the colored race some twenty-seven years ago, set the prisoner free.

Chapter third, as it may be called, was unfolded in this city yesterday. Mrs. Hall, finding her home broken up in the city of her childhood and more mature womanhood, and being continually harassed by the presence of her late husband, who fairly idolized the two beautiful children, concluded to pack up her possessions and leave the place. This she was proceeding to do yesterday afternoon when an officer of the law, at the instigation of Hall, served notice on her, detaining her for some reason which the BAZOO representative failed to find out. By the assistance of one of her intimate girlhood and family friends, Mr. W. S. Bowman of Boonville, whose gallant bachelor services are ever willingly placed at the disposal of those he thinks oppressed, whether man, woman or child, Mrs. Hall and her two children, accompanied by him were enabled to reach the 4 o'clock M., K. & T. train at Boonville and together they arrived in Sedalia at 6 o'clock last evening. She was in great trouble, and but for the kind aid of Mr. Bowman, would have been in a much worse condition. She had understood that Hall proposed in the event of her flight, to intercept her by telegram at some point between Boonville and Houston, Texas, to the latter of which points she and her children were making their way.

The presence of the party at the union depot last evening was known only to a BAZOO representative. They did not know what minute, on their arrival here, some officer would step up and detain them, and so even the company of an old friend was not agreeable to them, as they wished to remain wholly unknown.

Mrs. Hall was undecided whether to go on through southward last night or not; her escort said that if it were necessary, he would go all the way to Texas with her, but he would return to Boonville from this point provided the coast seemed clear.

This case has been one of many sensational features from beginning, and it looks as though the lady and her little children are destined to have other unpleasant experiences.

For Defending the County.

The county court of Boone county has struck hard places and the sheriff is hunting them with a warrant. A telegram to the Globe-Democrat bearing date Dec. 27, says:

"Warrants were issued to-day at the instance of the Prosecuting Attorney for County Judges W. F. Roberts and W. F. Angell, before Justice Pratt, to make them refund what he claims is illegal mileage charged by them in going to and from the place of holding court, and also \$150 paid S. Turner for defending the court in a recent case. Their trial is set for next Monday. If found by the Sheriff they will be released till the time of trial on their own personal recognizance."

—The tombs of six popes have been discovered in the Church of St. Sylvester.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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BACK FROM CHINA.

Miss Lou Phillips Relates the Story of Missionary Work in Suchow.

The M. E. Church, South, was crowded last night by an audience that came out to hear Miss Louise Phillips, a returned missionary from China, relate her experience and the story of church work being done in the land of the celestials.

Miss Phillips is of medium size, has a fascinating smile and a voice that is charmingly clear and sweet. She uses no manuscript and the story as she relates it falls from her lips as fluently as the lines run along in some beautiful book of travel or romance. "I was born a missionary," said the fair speaker, "when I entered the kingdom of Christ. But it was a long time before I could get my sympathies fully enlisted in the cause of the Chinese, for I had been taught when a child that while we in Missouri were laboring hard, the Chinaman was sleeping, and that did not strike my childish fancy favorably. Since then I have learned to form a better opinion of our friends in China."

Miss Phillips and her sister went together as missionaries. They landed at the beautiful city of Shanghai and from there went by way of one of the great canals ninety miles inland to the metropolis of Suchow, a walled city, and their permanent post of duty. Their first work was to begin to learn enough of the language to enable them to ask for the necessities of life, and after that to master the Chinese tongue so as to teach in the schools, secular and religious.

In Suchow, which, from a foreign point of view, is the most important place in the empire, there are about 7,000 foreigners. There are three churches—English, French and Non-Conformist. Dr. Parker is the chief missionary, and under his charge there are 200 native church members.

Miss Phillips spoke of the arduous and encouraging work being done in the schools and how liberally the new converts give tithes to missionary work out of the pittance they earn at daily toil.

The hospital is partly in charge of her sister who was educated in this country for the practice of surgery and medicine. Many patients are treated every day and only a small fee is charged, if any at all.

The fair missionary speaks hopefully of the outlook for mission work in China and urges that more money and more missionaries are needed to push the work in that vast territory.

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